can to see to began my

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No. 37 & SS DEAN and 11 EXCHANGESTS and I caught her words with difficulty. brought me calminers. I took up my you forgive me, my father? That husband—that is all. ALBANY, N. Y.

THE STORY OF AN ITALIAN PRIEST. Some fifteen years ago, when the Art Schools of Florence were more than community erowded, my sacred duties attached me to the cathedral of that city, and I therefore had excellent opportunities of studying the phases of a branch of art-life to which was a stranger. I made many friends; but among all who attached themselves to me, though many were more talented, few excited so much interest on my part us & young man samed Ginsoppe Vetrano, a native of quickly. when I first became acquainted with bits, and possibly this circumstance. combined with his extreme youthbe was but twenty years of age-first invested him with an especial attraction. On further knowledge I found him possessed of an amiable but somewhat too retiring disposition, and perceived that his education, though not perfectly, had been bonestly and piously conducted. It needed no very great diplomacy to draw his history from him; the poor boy had but few friends, and soon gave me his confidence. He told me that he was the only son of a struggling doctor of Sifather. His artistic instinct, however, weighed successfully in the scale against the doctor's scruples, and Giuseppe became a student at Florence. For two years Dr. Vetrano contrived to send his son a certain allowance-small, indeed, but still sofficient to enable Giuseppe to devote himself entirely to study. The lad was industrious, and, though he deniterrible calamity I spoke of-in a week Guiseppe was an orphan. When

It was then that young Vetrano found, heart, some sharper pangs-the pangs of hunger. To displant the giortous inspiration of the ideal from its pure young signor still asks for you." pedestal, and supply its place by the . I was strangely agitated. ness enough; but to find even this last fearfully. He supported himself for some time His visits to the church grew less and to him in a whisper. less frequent, and at len the three months passed by without my having once encountered him there I thought of him with much anxiety, and though

I many times resolved to set my double

what I feared might be the truth.

passed away, a second grief as formid-

able as the first succeeded. The doc-

for and his wife had died in the direst

poverty-their entire possessions

cient but impoverished family, and your kindness." ber remarkable beauty attracting the beauty of the noble Marquis of Bonag- with me, left the room, and I seated it with the last glimpse of daylight." forbilden her indulgence. Possibly in a low voice:

church to which I was attached, com- edge will be my best defence.

the grating: "The Via dei Bardi is so far."

I paused instantly. come, and I engage the distance shall not trouble you.

Then I will come.' "Truly?"

"I promise."

ime-will that please you?"

"lieyond hope." "Addia vill then."

"I shall remember."

onna, and had been for some time specting the mysterious lady to whose the Piazza del Duomo, where I found in preparing for this terrible recepdestined to follow the profession of his society I had twice observed him. To the steps of the cathedral as deserted tion. I disposed the light carnfully, blushes and confusion-he became looking at the stars, and thinking that the force of a first impression, I cover

word. day crossing the Piazza near the My first sorrow came into the world follow me for some distance, glancing upon the same spot for hours, looking ed himself all the little indulgences of every now and then doubtfully into steadfastly before me, thinking of my youth, he still found le sure to write My face. At length he usked my work, and seeking to create in my hopeful letters home. Then came the name, and on my telling him, said I mind the image the canvas waited for. was indeed the holy father Signor I searched for a length of time in vain ; the bitterness of the fresh serrow had the Signor desired most argently to itself before me. I trembled with joy, see me; would I come? Of course I and studied every feature with an unexpressed my willingness to do, and certain happiness, half fearful lest the followed my guide to the V a della vision should desert me. In my de-Scala, No. 1236. The shutters of light I woke from my abstraction, and barely sufficed to buy them the right the house were half closed, a restless discovered a pair of brilliant eyes to a grave. Their son was penniles. crowd filled the street, and the shop gazing earnestly into mine. The face was thronged. The landford-a tai was before me. I was then sensible

claimed:

by the sale of his simple clothing; the stairs, and, on entering my poor oot. Impelled by an indefinable agi but, though he added to this poor re- young friend's room, I found that the tation, I entered the church, and source by copying for the dealers, des- landlord had but spoken too truly .- from that moment I remember little. ritation stared at him through the Giuseppe's hours were numbered .- A few stammered words -- a smile that canvas, and his brush was yet too He seemed to have aged at least still lives in my heart-a promise .weak a weapon to defend him. That twenty years since I had last seen Of all this I possess but an incomplete his gentle nature could not long sus. birn, and, though he tried to smile as and distant recollectio. One thing I min such trads I feit convinced. I I opened the door, the effort was a know; from that time the saint t oubsaw him but seldom, and after each sad one indeed. The doctor stood at led me no more-I had found my interval I found him sadiy changed .- the bed-side, and I addressed myself model."

"What is it?" I asked. "A bad sword-wound."

"Mortal?" "I will not deceive you."

Bonnegileri first became the subject of doctor; it is not your face alone that from which my art claimed the first of your own?" conversation in Florentine society, and tells me there is no hope. I knew it tribute, and I valued the treasure that in the exercise of any calling I had from the first; and as my moments gave life and vigor to my work. The frequent opportunities of verifying are precious I must not lose them .- model breathed upon the copy, and, althe reports that were so extensively My only business now is with Heaven most in spite of itself, a new creation ercolated. This lady came of an an- and my old friend. I thank you for rushed into being. The two hours daily passed in her presence gitted my

words; it is therefore necessary that the honor to avail herself of the near my memory accused, that knowl-

"Not there?" afked the Marchion- music, laughter and shouting became word to the young moster-the first marchioness for a model. You will out and haded him to so lond, as the night despend, I breath of the hay-field to the sick- forget the garret that I saved you "I say, Allen, do you know what could not keep them out. I had made bed. It promised me for insults, ca- from. You will be happy among happened to Bulnass ?

roughly, and, tuming angrily around, a firm clasp, and prayed for the right tears-for my trust you bring me disdeadly pale, and, darting a look of de- I too had discovered a new world .- ed the painting with a veit. fiance at me, hurried away without a Dazzled as I was, I thought that to see misfortune I must henceforth look the last offering on the after of my Two months after this, I was one backward; but I deceived myself .-Campanile, when I observed a boy with the birth of my first joy. I stood Vetrano had sent him in search of: but gradually a face seemed to form added to his first great agreety of the for-rushed to me eagerly, and ex- that I had been guilty of an indiscretion-that, plunged in thought, my "The raints be praised! the poor visionary glance had been long fixed opon features that were not ideal, but glowed with a living breath. They took his seat he said, laughingly : "What is the matter?" I asked, smiled and passed away. I was filled with confusion-my eyes irresistibly "He is dying." wandered to the cathedral doors; I I inquired no more, but hurried up twice tried to turn away, but could

· On the following day I left the little room where I had shed so many tears, for this apartment. You see I was no longer an artist. I painted, it is true; but in a velvet chair. Still I sighed deeply. At the same mo- I was happy, for she came. She at rest, I almost trembled to learn ment Giuseppe opened his eyes, and, brought mo strength; the penell bebeckoning the surgeon nearer to him, came winged under my fingers; in It was about this time that the con-duct of the young Marchioness di "You can hide nothing from me, monized. Her beauty was a prize-

lieri, she became suddenly peasess d myself near the bed and took the pen- Such was my life at first; but in of the means of gratifying those refin. Bent's feverish hand in mine. He time I found that my hand trembial ed tastes which her birth had implant- smiled gratefully, and, after remain- when she was near me, and-worse ed in her, but in which poverty had ing silent some few mements, began than all-that, at the sound of the closing door which hid her from me. the more valuable endowments of "Since I list saw you, my father, a cloud sprang up before my eyes. I the remembrance of my ingratised stood before the half-dried canvas, and intellectual and personal possessions; has ceaselessly reproached me, and found I could work no more. For but it is certain that on attaining so only the want of courage to ask your the first time for years, the throbbing high and enviable a position she des forgiveness has kept me away from of my brain no longer drowned the voted herself to the pursuit of pleas-ure more freely, perhaps than her lastiatingly, for many days I have husband might have sanctioned. But hardly been myself. I have much to that which was the staple of conver. tells you, and will speak more to the the powerless clay remained. How amion in the saloni of the city was triend than to the paster. I do not came this change? The blood surging not likely to be canvassed in the Pal. wish to confess myself to you, for pos- to my throat told me the truth I szzo Bonaglieri, and therefore the af- sibly the day may come when it will dreaded: I loved. With this thought fection of the Marquis remained unal- be better that you should repeat my the horizon darkened—the clear, pure expanse in which my soul had toiled The Marchioness frequently did me you should know all, and, when you and dreamed, became a chaos; a fire burned in my breast, and I trembled. Through all that night I sat with my ing most frequently alone, but seldom "It is now more than two months face builed in my hands, and the first leaving without company. I was since the Carnival, yet I remember it light which fell upon the untouched therefore but slightly surprised when, as if it were only yesterday. As the picture found me more resolute.—
as I rose from my seat in the conies- first day closed I sat alone in my garsional, on the evening of the first day ret in the Via dei Bardi, and stopped door; perhaps my looks alarmed her of the carnival-my penitents being my ears that the merry voices in the -perhaps slie guessed the truth. I always entraordinarily numerous at street might net drive me mad. I do not know; but she pressed my these times-I heard her voice near had spent my last scudo-I had no hand with the tenderest sympathy, work; and, though the spring nights and looked kindly into my eyes. I were still chilly, I had sold even the never thought her hand so soft, or The import of these words was not coverings of my bed for food. On my her eyes so beautiful. Consider, my very obscure; but it did not interest easel stood a picture, the copy of father, what I was - a poor motherless me. My hand was on the lock, when, which I had finished that morning, and student, trying to pick out bright tints to my mexpressible astonishment, I taken home to the dealer twice in the from the world's colorless face-shelrecognized the voice of Giuseppe. - day. But he was masquerading, and pered so well under the shadow of so of course I was not paid. The poverty, that even my friends eyes ed, they mruck me with the force of by a vigorous application of rawhide, "The place is as nothing," he said, lights carried by the masks in the car- had forgotten to look for me. What twenty daggers. I recled and gasped, to coax the beast into something fast-

found myself face to face with the of keeping it forever; yet at these honor."

of market delinquencies, when two wife's oratory. He spoke much long- eager brush had first bestowed aponyassed before the choir. Leaving my but I heard nothing, and, when I re- contrary, the resemblance appeared to found mys. if stretched upon the pic and caisson. penitent astounded at the severity of covered from my profound astonish have increased. I lovel it still-perthe penance which I imposed on him, ment, I found that my patron had left haps more than ever : for its beauty I reached the porch in time to hear the shop, and that I held a rouleau of was, if possible, heightened, and it the address that Vetrano gave to the scudi in my hand. I rushed home; spoke to me with a softer tenderness. driver of a lanckney coach. I remem- but the close garret stifled me, and I Still it was changed. In my eagerber it perfectly. It was no. 1236,V went out again into the streets. I was ness to know its fare, I did not wait the young painter alone on the same ders pushed me out of their way as if a messenger at once to the address spot, I presumed on the privilege of I had been a man walking in a dream. which its purchaser had left with me. my profession to make inquiries re- The throng swept me with it towards In the meantine I employed myself my surprise-knowing the timidity of as the square itself was crowded. I regulated the disorder of my room, and his nature, and prepared as I was for turned towards the silence and stood wishing, in my silly vanity, to study

"Scarcely had I in this manner had idol, than I heard a step upon the stairs. I cannot tell you a'l that I endured in the next few moments: my temples throbbed painfully, and I replied to the knock at my door in a voice husky with emotion. I had to repeat the words before my first and last patron heard me, and entered the room. He was a man of middle age. and combined in his manner an appearance of hearty good humor with an air of unmistakable nobility. The greeting he bestowed upon me was cordial and encourageing, and he asked, in a loud, cheerful voice, how my work had prospered. I replied that I intended leaving that resolution to his judgement; and as I placed him in a suitable light, he smiled kindly, and assured me that I need not fear his severity. I remember also that as he

"The coart is open."
"Perhaps, my father, I weary with these details; but you will foropposite me I drew aside the cloth hastily, as we snatch the iron from a wound, and, casting my eyes on the ground, I waited.

profound silence-a silence which my visitor was the first to break.

"'Is that face a conception of your

"The tone in which these words were ultered induced me to look up. The speaker had risen from his chair and had advanced towards the picture, in front of which he stood, pale, calm, and motionless.

"Again-is that face a conception

"No, signor." "'You had a model, doubtless?"

" 'I had.'

"'His eye glanced rapidly round the room, again to the picture, and then from the picture to my face. My head sank before that impassible glance. I shuddered, for this silence seemed terrible to me. After a long pause, the calm voice spoke again.

"'Of the same?'

"I raised my eyes, and saw that my miniature, which he had taken from matters of high and deserved honor. agin him, wass than a steel pinted the table. I bowed my head in au-"How long have you worked at

this picture?" "Since I last saw you."

"But not always from the model?" "I hesitated.

"'Answer me."

emnined silent.

".Yes-always." "She came, then, frequently?"

"Daily, Signor."

"The next words were spoken in rembling volce-"Her name?" . "This abruptness irritated me, and I

"Her name?" "I do not know."

ed their gaze. He commenced pac-night, when it was as cold as Greening to and fro across the room, and land, to a tombelone in a graveyard "I see the villain in your face," then passing abruptly, spoke in a low, adjoining a New England College. sad voice : ad voice;
"I will tell you."

".What?" "Her name." ".You know her, then?"

"I am her husband."

cap, and, descending the four flights evening I found myself at her feet." "For a long time I heard nothing of stairs, walked quickly towards the . "Many days passed away before I but the beating of my beart, Arno. As I stole mong near the wall, returned to my task, for I was restless "But for all that, this is not jus-

"We reassed swords, and then come ture, while my blood was minging with its wet colors. They brought me here-I sent for you; and nohave only one more request: I w this packet to be sent to her. I day great sorrow."

with his eyes, and continued, more feeb- hurricane deck and made a leap for

opon her face, and my soul will rest on. At the next station it was done. orever.

He spoke so more, and about an our later I received his last breath. that I found a servant of whom I safe from this congregation." could make inquiries. That morning the marchioness had been found dead in her bed.

On the same day, and almost at the same hour that a richly appointed fu-naral procession left the Psiuzzo, Bo. That, there is 2 things in this life maglieri, a simple hearse emerged for which we are never fully preparfrom one of the narrow streets leading ed, and that iz twins, give me when you remember that to the Via della Scala. At the gates That, yo kant judge of a man bi they express only the natural minute. of the cemetery the driver of this plain hiz religious eny more than you kan ness of a man who has little more to death carriage drew up to allow the judge his shurt bithe size ov the collar observe and less to tell. At a reas- long train of black velvet and silver and restbands. suring glance from the generous face lace to pass; then he followed humb- That, the devil is always prepared ly. What became of his burden no tew see kompany... one cared to discover, but the more brightly studded coffin of the other contained a lock of hair.

death in England were forwarded to quite composedly. I had nothing to Florence.

efficient officers, has recently graduat- office, for he most lacks local pride. ed at West Point, at the head of his class (of engineers), and so great is ARTEMES WARD has become a

manly and intellectual appearance. - a signs forever, and ever, amen. I wonder what his class-mates or his seniors think now of the young man A gentleman having occasion to insult and to discourage the very best, MAKE MY BREAD !" most industrious and energetic of stu-

colleges, but in many of them a fresh hom and walloped him. The old man man or a "sop! " is now safe-hanks consoled himself for his defeat by reto the young man who put a bullet joining at his son's superior manbood. eyes upon me; but this time I return- who were trying to the him at pild- fellow. He can vip his own taddy."

A WITT MILKMAN -The milkman in our town was a funny old genous and drove a steed shore archits ctural proportions rivaled those of "Calmly as these words were utter- front of the post-office, he was trying, Bridgepost, Ct., moved with great the famous Rosmante. One day, incarnesily; "say only that you will riages, and the lamps in the opposite their was that smile worth to me? It He did not even notice me, but walk, when Tou Par. journ ipse digit." The motion was windows, threw a strong glare into was the first touch of the beach to the sel on steadily, multering to himself. sons a pert young fellow, who thought amended by adding "E Pluribus my naked room, and the sounds of fainting swimmer-the first spoken "It is not every painter who has a that he knew almost everything, came

How to Spike & Gun .- A characteristic story is told of Captain George T. Hebard, formerly a pri-"How shall I find you?" shrinking from the crowd as if it and unhappy. Often when she drew tice. For my praise, you bring hu- vate in Co. A. Chicago Light Artii"I shall be here to-inforrow at this mocked me, I felt my arm seized her hand from mine I followed it with miliation—for my gold, you give me lery, now commanding the 1st Vermont Battery, which was in the late hot fight near Grand Ecore. A pripicture dealer for whom I had so froit- times she would turn away with a lit- "I threw myself at his feet, and vate in that battery writes to his fathlessly searched during the day. He the laugh, and then bid me "wait." - swore he wronged her. He laughed er, that during the engagement Gen. I could see them now. The March- dragged me into his shop, and, before Stranger still to me then, was the lite a bitter laugh, and pushed me from Banks rode up and said: "Capt- Heioness drew her veil closely, and left I had recovered from my surprise, the I knew of one who had my life in him. I fell, and dragged down the bard, your pattery will probably be leisurely by the grand entrance.— presented me to a stranger who was her keeping. Even when I asked picture. In a moment I sprang up taken; spike your guns!" As the Giuseppe remained motionless for seated near the door. This gentleman her name, she answered, pointing to with burning tears. It was an insult General rode off the Captain addressabout ten minutes-then be followed rose politely, and, pointing to one of the picture, You may call me Cather- at once to my labor and to her. I ed his men, saying: "Not by ad-d I am almost ashamed to say that that he understool that I was the art-Sienna. He had lost both parents I am almost ashamed to say that that he understood that I was the artduring the ravages of an epidemic, on the next evening I waited for the lost that its style pleased him; and ted. I was satisfied, though not enthat its style pleased him; and the lost from a pile of arms which served for ter, boys!" The battery was charged
to be could give the lost from a pile of arms which served for ter, boys!"

The battery was charged to the lost from a pile of arms which served for ter, boys!"

The battery was charged to the lost for the lost fire bettery that the last result of this appointment with more that, if I were willing, he could give thely so. The work of the last few anxiety than quite harmonized with the nature of my odcupation. A lat and learned that the work required that I had done before the face no Pistojan farmer was reciting a string was a picture of St. Catherine, for his longer looked at me with the light my every man within range of the guns. figures that I instantly recognized er-naming the size and the price; it. It was not less a portrait-on the darkness. When I woke to bate I The battery brought off every gun

> A LEAP FOR HOME. - A letter from Kanawah river, West Virginia, says : "On the passage up, a few days ago, of a party of the Thirty-eighth Ohio, scarcely ask you, my father, to scept a man named Humphreys leaped overa della Scala. The next day, meeting delirious with joy, and the masquera- until the colors dried, but despatched this trust; but, if you can so far piece board and swam ashore. Passing by me, you will relieve my thought it in his home, he had asked for permission to stop a few mimutes, and was refus-I promised him. He thanked me ed, when he rushed suddenly to the the river. Rising to the surface, he "Tell her that to be denied even a struck out bravely for the shore, amid farewell pressure of her hand is very a volley of cheers, and reached it safesad; but that, nevertheless, I die in ly. The boat passed on. After havhope. If in some quiet night she ing kissed his wife, he mounted a sees my shade standing by her side, horse, and in fifteen minutes passed let her turn towards it with a smile the boat, shouting lostily to be taken

DEVOUT THANKS .-- The hat was passed around in a certain congrega-I started early the next rooming tion for the purpose of taking up a for the Palazzo Bonaglieri. I knew collection. After it made the circuit that my dress would procure me admission unquestioned, and although I minister (who by the way had "exwas half reductant to avail myself of changed pulpits" with the regular its shelter on such an errand, I looked preacher), and be found not a penny upon the poor boy's last wish as sa- in it. He inverted the hat over the ered, and if I did wrong I trust that pulpit cushion and shook it that its Heaven will parden me. I found the emptiness might be known, then rais-Palazzo in great confusion. The ing his eyes towards the ceiling, he porter was not in the hall, and it was exclaimed with great fervor, "I only in one of the upper chambers thank God that I got my hat back

> Josh Billings, being duly sworn,deposes as follows :

That, moste men had ruther do a

A post office clerk sends the followcortege was much admired, for the ing to Halbrook's U. S., Mail: "A There ensued a few moments of history I have just related was not man called at our general delivery written on the inscription plate. Af- one day, when I happened for a moter the tuneral I opened the packet ment to be engaged elsewhere in the entrusted to me, and found that it office. He whistled loudly. I stepto the window and savagely inquired, The Marquis disappeared, and, "Whose dog he was whistling for?"several years afterwards, proofs of his "One of Uncle Sam's pups," said he,

> THE MILITARY ACADEMY .- To The Boston Journal hits the nail the Editors of the Evening Post: I on the head when it says: "Not a observe in the daily journals that Mr. tenth part of the local news which Garrett J. Lydecker, a young man of transpires in any country town finds rare ability—a son of Mr. John Ly- its way into the city papers, and he decker-connected for many years who takes the latter to the exclusion with one of the most important de- of his own town or country papendoes partments of the New York Customs, not fulfil his duty as a citizen. Such and one among its most popular and a person is not worthy to fill a town

the confidence in him, that he has al- sporting man, and wants to bet the ready been ordered to the front to whole of his real, and imaginary Esenter upon the duties for which, young tate, that Gen. U. S. Grant, kant be as he is, he has so nobly qualified him- injuced tew run agin enny other man interrogator held in his hand a plain self. Both these circumstances are but Jeff. Davis, and it he don't run I met young-Mr. Lydecker some ram, within the next 2 or 3 years, swer to his question, and he went on : time since, and was struck with his enny man ma hav me. mi hairs, and

> whom they "harried," and maltreated, call upon an author, found him at and annoyed when he first entered home in his writing chamber. He the Military Academy !- a system remarked the great heat of the apartwhich has prevailed for years with ment, and said it "was as hot as an every new comer, and a most iniqui- oven." So it ought to be," replied tous outrage; cal ulated to worry, to the writer, "for it is here where I

This system did prevail in all out wallop his son, but Jake turned upon An old Dutchman undertook to "Again my questioner fixed his through the leader of a student mob, He said: "Vell, Jake ish a stimert

> said'a Western Judge to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

> A wealthy but ignorant farmer at a dunity that "this meeting do now ad-Unum," and unanimously carried.

The late Lord Kelly had a very ref face. "Pray, my lord," said Foots They took a few steps further from up my mind that it would be bester resses—for contempt, encouragement these golden cornices mid silken curme. The Marchieness spoke next, for me to die, and that resolution —for the cold wind, sunshine. Can tains. Why think of me? I am her "The same as imprend to me—an on wall—my cocumbers are very ass spake to him." backward.